

SOCIAL WHIRL SPINS SLOWLY AS DIPLOMATS DESERT CAPITAL

(Continued From Preceding Page.)
the matter of the reconstruction of the Brazilian navy with officials of that government. This matter has been under consideration for some time.

A number of other officials of various governments were also on board the Pan-America when she sailed, including Gen. Hugh Bethel, military attaché at the British embassy, who was accompanied by Capt. Sidney Bailey and Major W. W. Kirby. J. C. Alves de Lima, inspector-general of the Brazilian consulates, was also on board, as was Joaquim Leao, one of the secretaries of the Brazilian embassy.

A delegation of twenty Japanese was on board, representing a number of Japan's largest business concerns. Some of the party will act as official representatives at the exposition and others will make a commercial tour of the country. The delegation was headed by Fumio Ariga.

A delegation from the National Coffee Roasters Association of New York also sailed to attend the exposition and to look over conditions in general in Brazil.

Others on board were Capt. A. Gabriel, marine superintendent of the Munson Line, and Mrs. Gabriel; Mr. and Mrs. Robert Meyers, W. T. Morley, Felix Coste and Langard Menezes, coffee importer.

Secretary Hughes will return to New York on September 24, after spending five days at the exposition. The trip on the Pan-America will take eleven days, and after his arrival at Rio Secretary Hughes will make the U. S. S. Maryland his headquarters.

Mr. Hughes and his wife and daughter arrived in New York early Thursday afternoon, and for the most part of the day he traveled "incognito" and efforts to interview him were unsuccessful. He motored to the West Twenty-third street ferry and was run aboard a ferryboat for Hoboken. Following the Secretary's car was that of Rear Admiral Carl T. Vogelgesang, who accompanies Secretary Hughes to the exposition as chief naval aid. During Admiral Vogelgesang's absence from New York, Capt. David Todd, U. S. N., will be in command of the New York navy yard.

Supreme Court Justice Edward R. Finch, of New York, joined the party as an official representative to the exposition, taking the place of Cyrus H. K. Curtis, of Philadelphia, who was unable to sail because of the illness of his wife. Justice Finch was accompanied by Mrs. Finch on the trip and will not return to the United States until September 26. Maj. Gen. Robert Lee Bullard also joined the party when it arrived at Hoboken, accompanied by his daughter.

Hot Springs News of Interest Here

THE Peruvian Ambassador and Mme. Pezet were guests at a dinner at the Hot Springs early in the week in the new Homestead restaurant by Capt. and Mrs. William M. Talbot of New York. Other members of the Washington colony in the company were Mr. and Mrs. Frederick E. Chapin, Mr. and Mrs. R. Golden Donaldson, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Wardman, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Jefferson Ryan, Mr. and Mrs. J. Thilman Hendricks, and Ord Preston. William F. R. Hitt who is at Barton Lodge with his mother, Mrs. Robert R. Hitt, was among those at a dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. John H. Ricketson, Jr., of Pittsburgh. Dr. Charles Brugman, secretary of the Swiss legation was entertained at dinner by Charles James Billwiler and Miss Marie J. Billwiler of New York, before his departure for Gloucester, Mass., where he will pass the rest of the summer. Miss Margaret Dunlop, daughter of Mrs. Archibald McCrea, was a prize winner at a putting tournament given on Monday by Miss Alice Scarborough of Cincinnati. Justice James Clark McReynolds is continuing his summer visit and is daily on the long golf course. Justice McReynolds attended a dinner given at Edgewood by Mr. and Mrs. George Howard Warrington of Cincinnati. Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin H. Brewster, Jr., with Mrs. Anna Wills Baugh and Benjamin H. Brewster, 3d, have arrived at the Homestead from Baltimore, also Mr. and Mrs. Edward A. Donnelly and Mr. A. Gordon Hayes. Mrs. Blair Thaw Scott with Mrs. Louise White and Miss Gertrude Livingston Scott of Baltimore, motored on Tuesday to White Sulphur Springs for lunch.

Mrs. Von Rosen Returns From West
MRS. VINA D. VON ROSEN, of Clear View, Hyattsville, has returned home from a ten weeks tour of Oregon and California.

An ardent tennis fan is Mrs. Edward B. McLean, caught by the photographer leaving the grounds after the tennis matches at Newport, R. I. Mrs. McLean has with her young Ned, junior, and is, apparently, about to deliver him a lecture on the evils of tobacco. At least we judge so from the cigarette in her hand and the eloquent expression on her face.



DIPLOMAT'S RETURN SIGNALS WANE OF YE "GOOD OLD SUMMERTIME"

ONE swallow may not make a summer, but one returning diplomat in Washington is a sure sign that summer is on the wane.

The mercury still hovers around the ninety mark and the summer girl in her dainty, airy frocks, holds sway on F street. But to the initiated the little announcement, printed last week in all the society columns, that the German Ambassador and Mme. Otto Wiedfeldt had sailed for the United States meant just one thing—the end of the summer season and the near approach of fall.

The coming and going of the diplomats mark the opening or closing of a season. Early in June the greater number of the embassies and legations are removed to seashore or mountain resort and only occasionally does some member of the staff, or the ambassador or minister himself, hurry back to Washington to transact some pressing business.

Diplomatic row is a deserted village between the months of June and September. Houses are boarded up and lawns grow rank with uncut grass. The foreigners learn very quickly the first principle of enduring a Washington summer—don't. The National Capital is anything, usually, but an ideal summer resort and those who can find time or the where-withal to sneak away during the hot spell never fail to do so. Sixteenth street has as many closed houses during the summer as Fifth avenue. Which brings to mind a Washington woman, recently become very wealthy. Her first ambition was to buy a house on Sixteenth street and board it up for the summer months. That was her idea of letting the world know of her riches.

This will be Mme. Wiedfeldt's first visit to Washington. The ambassador was here early in the spring, but he was here alone, returning to Germany after a few months. Probably he wanted to have a look at the old German embassy on Massachusetts avenue before bringing Mme. Wiedfeldt to make it her home. The building was closed during the war and had to be thoroughly gone over before it was habitable again. It is really a magnificent old place, but just a bit gloomy. It was one of the saddest places in Washington during the war. Its windows tightly boarded up and its massive door permanently closed, the building fairly radiated depression. The Wiedfeldts are bringing with them their son, young Herr Wiedfeldt. He is a young chap, Washington hears, about twenty-four years of age and quite attractive. He will make one of the group of numerous young and attractive bachelor diplomats whose presence so much enlivens Washington society. It is appalling to think what Washington would do without its diplomatic bachelors. They fill the demand for young and attractive men creatures. Young Wiedfeldt is, of course, only included among the diplomats by courtesy, for he has no official connection with the embassy staff.

The minister of Switzerland is

expected back in Washington on Wednesday. Mme. Peter is not to accompany him, however, and he hopes to be able to slip away again during September for a few days with her and their two sons at their summer cottage at Dark Harbor, Me. Dark Harbor, by the way, has a goodly share of diplomatic folk this summer. The British Ambassador and Lady Geddes have their summer home there and a number of the others. Sir Auckland and Lady Geddes are at Dark Harbor at the present time. They returned early last week from a visit in England, bringing with them their eldest son, Ross Geddes. Ross is attending school somewhere in England and this is his first visit with his brothers and sisters since school started last fall. He is a good-looking youngster, startlingly like his daddy. A picture of the three of them, the ambassador, Lady Geddes and Ross, taken upon their arrival in New York and printed in Washington, brought out the resemblance amazingly. From New York the Geddes went immediately to Dark Harbor, where their other numerous children had been during their absence abroad. Washington knows very little about the little Britishers, by the way. The youngsters are kept in close seclusion by their mother, who was, it is said, frightened about them by Irish sympathizers. It seems almost too horrible to believe that anyone would threaten the lives of innocent young children for a political cause, but Lady Geddes is said to have been greatly worried. So the children are almost strangers to Washington, where the "junior diplomats" are always a source of interest. Their names are seldom mentioned, and their pictures are never published. The photograph of the three on shipboard was the first glimpse the newspapers had of any of the little brood. And Ross, of course, can hardly be called a child any more. He is almost as tall as his father and quite as serious and responsible looking.

The Wiedfeldts sailed for the United States last Wednesday, on board the S. S. Reliance and are due in Washington about the last of this week. Just before sailing the ambassador had a pleasant chat in Hamburg with our own ambassador to Germany, Alanson B. Houghton. Ambassador Houghton, who is well-known in Washington, where he was a member of Congress at the time of his appointment to the post at Berlin, was in Hamburg during overseas week as the guest of Wilhelm Cuno, general manager of the Hamburg-American Line. With Dr. Wiedfeldt he was the guest at dinner of Prince von Buelow.

When the diplomats assemble again this fall there will be several aching voids in their ranks. The Le Bretons, among others, will be sorely missed. The former Argentine ambassador resigned in the early spring to return to his own country to enter the race for a seat in the senate. He won, so Washington hears, and we will not see him again. Unless he comes, as so many of former diplomats

do, to visit his friends here. His wife, Mme. Le Breton, and her niece, Manuela Lloveras, who has made her home here for some years, will be sorely missed. And the Japanese ambassador, Baron Shidehara, though still officially counted as head of the embassy here, will in all probability not be in Washington this winter. Baron Shidehara returned to Japan sometime last winter and has been quite ill ever since. His place at the embassy is temporarily filled by the counselor, Sadao Saburi, but Washington has no idea as to whom the Japanese government will send as ambassador later in the winter.

According to rumor the Rumanian minister, Prince Bibesco, will not return. He is a charming chap and, though new to Washington, is exceedingly popular here. His wife, Princess Bibesco, daughter of the fascinating Margot Asquith, made quite an impression on Washington society and her complete disappearance from the social horizon will be something of a blow. She is quite attractive and has much of her mother's wit and fire. With, perhaps, just a bit more of tact, a useful quality in a diplomat's wife.

THEATERS LURING MANY BUDS FROM DRAWING ROOM

'Stay-at-Homes' Seek Pleasure Where They May.

WITH so few people in town, one finds little reason to entertain, and the languid weeks drag by with nothing more to offer for amusement than a picnic or two or an informal dance at the country clubs, so with the Belasco opening its doors this evening for the winter season with such an attraction as Tallulah Bankhead as its star, society is fair, grabbing at the excuse to entertain, and many box parties are arranged for tonight and all through the week.

Miss Bankhead, being the daughter of a Congressman and a granddaughter of a Senator, as well as having made her debut here not many seasons ago, she naturally has many friends who have followed her—so far—short but successful career with keen interest.

Miss Bankhead is blessed with an unusual amount of good looks as well as decided histrionic talent, so is destined to make a great name for herself.

Her appearance here brings to mind a number of other Washington society girls who have stepped from the light of the drawing room chandelier to the glare of the footlights hardly before they were out of their teens.

Juliette Crosby, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Crosby, is one of them. Margaret and Terese Crosson, pretty daughters of Dr. and Mrs. M. J. Crosson, are more recent victims, both having had their turn in local stock, Margaret last year and Terese this summer. Terese, however, slipped off to New York last year, even before she had made her debut, and gained quite a bit of experience before she made her appearance with the Garrick Players recently. She had the leading feminine role in "The Gentleman from Mississippi" a few

weeks ago when delightful Tom Wise was the visiting star.

The "Garrickers," who have won such a warm spot in our hearts since their arrival last spring, that they are planning to remain with us through the winter, have also won the gratitude of many young aspirants for the stage who through their stage door have put their foot on the first rung of the ladder of success.

Hardly a week goes by that some local actress or actor doesn't make their bow.

Young Edwin Trusheim, who made a few appearances last year with the Garrick Players, became a full fledged member of the company this season, and has been playing leading parts. He is leaving the company soon for a vacation in New York, but will join them later for the winter season for juvenile roles.

Mr. Trusheim has played leading parts in many of the plays put on the past few seasons by society people, and for various benefits.

Miss Constance Brown, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert D. Brown, who is just out of college, not yet having made her bow to society, has been appearing intermittently with the players, and Miss Ruth Hoffman, also a Washington girl, has indeed become quite established as ingenue lead for the company.

Miss Sara Agnes Farrar, who played ingenue parts with them the first half of the summer, while she is a Georgia girl, is also claimed by Washington, as she has spent much of her time in Washington while she was a student at Goucher College.

Little Miss Pauline Graft, another Washington girl, who has contributed a great deal to the success of charity performances with her dancing, has also been seen once or twice with the Mr. McGarry's Players.

Miss Imogene Taylor, daughter of L. Stoddard Taylor, manager of the Garrick Theater, has been on the stage for a number of years, and has played leading parts in a number of the Garrick productions.

Dr. Grouitch, when he went, of course, took his camera with him, and was more worried, apparently, lest the recreants should wreck that than he was as to any possible danger to himself. He is a most accomplished and persistent amateur photographer and he never stirs anywhere without his beloved camera.

He actually succeeded in "snapping" Viscount d'Alte, the minister of Portugal for these many years. And Viscount d'Alte never submits to a photographer. One might argue that he was ill-looking, but he isn't—he is, in fact, one of the best-looking men in the diplomatic corps. He surrendered, however, without too much of a struggle to his colleague's hobby. It is told that on one occasion the Grouitch's car turned turtle on the road out to Gunston Hall with a party of guests to visit Mr. and Mrs. Louis Hertie. (By the way, I saw Mrs. Hertie recently climbing into her motor at the Willard, and I envied her a large grass-green garden hat with a wreath of small French flowers, yellow and white and black. In fact, I envied her both the hat and the nerve to wear it, though it sat most becomingly on that beautifully waved white hair of Mrs. Hertie's. But what I started to say was that Dr. Grouitch jumped free from the overturned car and was busy making pictures of it before either he or they knew whether any of his guests were hurt.

The ruling passion, etc.

Penn State Society Works Out Program

WITH Congressman Clyde Kelly at its head the Pennsylvania Society suddenly spurted into the forefront among the State societies in Washington and Mr. Kelly reports that the society's program for next winter is "doing nicely, thank you."

The organization will have its first meeting October 20 in the Willard ballroom, and it will be one of the first big parties to be held in that famous room after it is again opened to the public. (You may remember that it was completely burnt out last April after the spring dinner of the Gridiron Club and it has been in process of rehabilitation ever since.) It is to be a "Radio Party," with E. M. Herr, president of the Westinghouse Specialty Manufacturing Company, as the honor guest, to tell them some of the wonders of radio, and a special radio outfit which will bring them a specially arranged concert from a broadcasting station at East Pittsburgh.

The next meeting is to be on November 15, when the society will celebrate University of Pennsylvania night.

CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER CLOCKS PASSING SHOW AT NEWPORT

(Continued from Page 1, This Section)

ber of the younger set and whisk them off to the Fahnstock villa for luncheon—a luncheon that sometimes extends far into the afternoon.

As usual, the Stokises are the most sartorially perfect couple in all of Newport, and when they whirl about through Bellevue avenue, Catherine street, Clay street, and last, but not by any means the least, Thames street, in their swaggar motor car (the dearest motor in all of Newport), the hot polloi can do aught but gaze in amazement at the splendor of the handsome "Syl" and his wealthy wife.

When "Syl" and Margaret stroll forth from the Fahnstock villa all arrayed for the social battle of Ochre Point they are the despair of the fashion writers. Both are "the last word." "Syl" cravats, boots, hats, etc., are very, very correct, and while his hatbands are not quite so colorful as those displayed by the dapper G. Louis Boissevain, "Syl's" color schemes are guaranteed to cause the taxis on Bellevue avenue to

back-fire at first sight, and as for the poor old nags that drag the excursionists from Fall River, Providence, and other nearby points about the none too wide Newport streets, their owners have increased the size of their blinders—I think that it is the correct "horse" term—now that Mr. Boissevain and "Syl" have gone in for rainbow hatbands.

All of which causes me to sing the praises of the far-sighted owners of the famous public carriages up here. Think of the terrible things that might happen if the dear old nags caught a glimpse of those hatbands. Poor Officer Casey, who stands guard at Bellevue avenue and Old Beach road, would have additional duties—stopping runaways!

MRS. HENRY POTTER RUSSELL has evidently parked herself at "Beechwood," the Astor place on Bellevue avenue, for the season, and each and every morning I encounter the former Ethel M. B. Harriman at Bailey's Beach acting as chaperone for Vincent's house guests. The arrival of the

Astor party at Bailey's creates quite a flurry. It almost eclipses the dowager Mrs. Vanderbilt's daily excursion to Newport's bathing place de luxe, and it might be said right here that the mistress of "The Breakers" is more impressive than ever, now that she has discarded the dilapidated motor car which has done service for more years than it would be gallant to recall.

In place of the antiquated motor car Mrs. Vanderbilt now rides about in the newest model of a popular American make and with two men on the box, in the well-known maroon livery, simply reeks affluence when she drives down Bellevue avenue or approaches the little gravel circle outside the portals of Bailey's Beach.

VINCENT ASTOR has been giving a series of impromptu parties at "Beechwood," and the other evening, when a downpour of rain caused gloom to pervade all the way from "Reggie" Vanderbilt's "Sandy Point Farm" out at Portsmouth to T. Saffern Teller's ocean links, adjacent to Marston Perry's uniquely situated villa, Vincent stepped into the breach and hurriedly summoned, by way of telephone, several hundred guests to "Beechwood" for an informal dance.

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